

THE CHAPBOOK

(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

Number 33

January 1923



ONE SHILLING NET

THE CHAPBOOK (A Monthly Miscellany) first appeared in July, 1919. It is published on the first of each month. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared :

1919.

- (1) JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (2) AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre.* By Albert Rutherston. With four plates by the author.
- (3) SEPTEMBER.—*Poems Newly Decorated* : An Anthology of miscellaneous poems of the past, with drawings by artists of the present.
- (4) OCTOBER.—*Some French Poets of To-Day.* A commentary with specimens, by F. S. Flint.
- (5) NOVEMBER.—*Rhymes for Children*, with 70 appropriate woodcuts.
- (6) DECEMBER.—*Four Songs : Nod.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. *At the Turn of the Burn.* Words by George Townsend Warner, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Melmillo.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Clive Carey. *Arabia.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by W. Denis Browne.

1920.

- (7) JANUARY.—*A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (8) FEBRUARY.—*Modern Prose Literature* : A Critical Survey. (Under the Editorship of Alec Waugh.)
- (9) MARCH.—*Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry.* By T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint.
- (10) APRIL.—*A Third Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (11) MAY.—*Some Contemporary American Poets.* By John Gould Fletcher.
- (12) JUNE.—*A Bibliography of Modern Poetry, with Notes on some Contemporary Poets.* Compiled by Recorder.
- (13) JULY.—*Thirteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* (Also *Pins for Wings*, by Emanuel Morgan.)
- (14) AUGUST.—*Aria da Capo* : A Play in One Act by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
- (15) SEPTEMBER.—*Old Broadside Ballads.* Collected and Edited, with Reproductions in facsimile, Cover Design, and Introduction by C. Lovat Fraser.
- (16) OCTOBER.—*Sixteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (17) NOVEMBER.—*The Younger French Poets.* By F. S. Flint.
- (18) DECEMBER.—*Three Songs : A Christmas Carol.* Words by John Masefield, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Full Moon.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Scott Goddard. *Desire in Spring.* Words by Francis Ledwidge, Music by Ivor Gurney.

THE CHAPBOOK

(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

EDITED BY HAROLD MONRO

CONTENTS OF NUMBER 33

POETRY	PAGE
Bitter Serenade	<i>Herbert Trench</i> 2
The Examination Reverie	<i>R. J. Randerson</i> 6
To One Unknown and Gone	<i>A. E. Coppard</i> 8
Epitaph	<i>T. Bosanquet</i> 8
The Knowledgeable Child	<i>L. A. G. Strong</i> 9
The Trees are Down	<i>Charlotte Mew</i> 10
September Morning	<i>Joan Arden</i> 11
A Maiden's Comedy	<i>Herbert Read</i> 12
LITERATURE IN 1922 : A SURVEY	<i>Recorder</i> 13
WOODCUT	<i>Philip Hagreen</i> 24

The Cover Designs are by Ethelbert White.

MANUSCRIPTS, submitted for THE CHAPBOOK, are subject to the following conditions :—

1. They will not be received if brought by hand to the Poetry Bookshop.
2. They must be sent by post, with a stamped addressed envelope sufficiently large for their return in case of rejection.
3. They cannot be acknowledged.
4. They cannot be examined within any specified period.
5. Poems accepted for THE CHAPBOOK are paid for one month after publication.

NOTE.—All MSS. receive careful consideration. Sometimes brief criticism is offered, but where they have not been accepted no further correspondence can be carried on regarding them.

ADDRESS : THE POETRY BOOKSHOP, 35 DEVONSHIRE STREET, THEOBALDS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

(Herbert Trench)

Bitter Serenade

Venice, 15—

(*He speaks, touching the chords.*)

LANTERNS of silk down the lagoons are vanished,
Brilliance, uproar and sweep of masquerade ;
Their eddies swell—the firefly world is banish'd,
All your canal is shade.

Magnolia-bloom is here my only candle,
White petals wash, and break, along the wall ;
The clumsy lute, the lute with the scorched handle,
Is here to tell you all.

Do you remember—yes, you will remember—
That ballad of a lute of curious tone
Wrought—a charr'd log—out of a great hearth's ember ?
The great hearth was your own.

Firelight was all our light. Your endless gazes—
Contemptuous of all living—forth would float,
Half-terrible in beauty, down those mazes
As in a flame-winged boat.

Urania's locks, with horror in their starkness,
Enlapt you, pale as an Aegean gem,
Enwound your ears with silence, and of darkness
Made you a diadem.

What eyes were yours, that made the witless falter—
The beating of the heart forget to beat—
Some Arab prisoner's on a Libyan altar
And sleepless with defeat.

Yet with that smile that seemed no smile of woman
Frowningly once—floating on light—you cried
As in a vision : “ *Friend, not like your Roman
Cynthia, by the roadside*

*Would I be tomb'd—close to the dust and rumbling—
But childless, by some playground ; that at hours
Oft I may hear the wicked children tumbling
Forth, like a tide of flowers ! . . .”*

By God ! to the chords wherewith you then endowed us
(Something in you gave frame and strings a voice)
Now you must listen, in the hours allowed us,
Listen, you have no choice ! . . .

(*He sings*)

THE SONG

O heart thrice-noble, to the quick bereaved,
In beauty wasted, and in weakness dire
Maintaining 'gainst the Gods that have deceived
Such cold unwavering ire !

The very stars grow dread with tense fore-feeling
Of dawn ; the bell-towers darken in the sky
As they would groan before they strike, revealing
New day to such as I !

There comes a day too merciless in clearness,
Worn to the bone the stubborn must give o'er ;
There comes a day when to endure in nearness
Can be endured no more.

A man can take the buffets of the tourney,
But there's a hurt, lady, beyond belief ;
A grief the Sun finds not upon his journey
Marked on the map of grief.

Fate smote you young. Death young would now frustrate you.

I have but lived—as alchemists for gold—
In my mad pity's flame to re-create you,
Heavenly one, waning, cold !

Planet dark ! Strange and hostile desolation
Where to no ray serene hath ever gone
Nor touched with the one kiss of evocation—
You might have loved and shone !

Was I not bred of the same clay and vapour
And lightning of the universe as you ?
Had I the self-same God to be my shaper,
Or cracks the world in two ?

It cannot be, though I have nought of merit,
That man may hold so dear, and with such pain
Enfold with all the tendrils of the spirit
Yet not be loved again ;

It cannot be that such intensest yearning,
Such fierce and incommunicable care
Starr'd on your face, as through a crystal burning,
Is wasted on the air ;

It cannot be I gave my soul, unfolding
To you its very inmost, like a child
Utterly giving faith—no jot withholding—
By you to be beguiled ;

It cannot be to look on us, despising,
That yonder great-puls'd Sun englobes the wave
With crocus fire—releasing and arising—
To break upon the slave ;

No. In rich Venice, riotous and human,
That shrinks for me to sandbanks and a sky,
You hold the love I bear you a thing common.
Enough. So let it die ;

Die from your waves away—O, pale, pale wonder !
The gaunt ships out—toss'd petals—to the main
Be suck'd—the iron bands be snapt asunder !
But Night, Death, you—remain.

(He ceases to sing ; and speaks, touching the chords.)

In the outer flood, and plunging at his tether,
One sullen hulk complains against the quays ;
Rusty, and timbered ill for such fine weather,
He thinks on the high seas.

My hand forgets the strings. May be for travel
It trembles to be gone, to steer the fleet !
There's the secret of the Indies to unravel,
And then the Turks to beat !

The above is the final form of a poem of which a sketch has appeared before.

(*R. J. Randerson*) **The Examination Reverie**

YOU know the quiet of examination rooms ;
The scratch of pens ; the rustle of a leaf turned over ;
Sighs ;
And imperceptibly the long hand is moving.

There was the broad sun-ray glowing warm,
And the window, I knew well, looked over
Straggling roofs and smoke to the near fields—
Fields, trees and a brook whose ripples, glinting,
Flowed from where smooth hills were darker
 blue in the blue air.
And beyond . . . ?

Were there swifts overhead,
Faintly screaming as on wide-flung wings
They glided, wheeling
Most high under the blue . . . ?

 —Came
Singing . . .
From a room below
Floated singing ;
Child-voices from an octave's height
Descending
Rung by rung ;
And the chiming chord
Slurred upward—
But you know the poignancy when chords you love
Climb higher.

(Higher by one semitone.)

I thought :
The ripples of these tones will fail at last
In void unruffled by delight or sorrow,
But they travel by what unfamiliar ways ?

(Higher.)

Near what mound
Grown over with white violets,
Kept fresh with tears, yet visited
By orange-tips . . . ?

(Higher.)

Through what rift in snow
Where a cloud-maiden
Floats with blue eyes crystal-cold
And vaporous hair streaming on the silence . . . ?
—Cease, now, cease. The tears are gathering—Not

(Higher.)

Hard to breathe this
frozen calm, translucent, diamond, unending--

Everything was quiet still.
Where had thought been wandering while
The long hand imperceptibly was moving ?

(A. E.
Coppard)

To One Unknown and Gone

YOU were like this loop of pine trees
Whose spice enriches the quivering air :
I walk in the grace of their shade
That my shadow may be graced with your boon.

The runnel leaps from the rock ;
Its glad water
Flung in the destiny of movement from crag to bay
Hangs by a crystal thong,
Then moves to its deliberate pool
With a yearning that is mirrored in your eyes,
In what far home, lost Eve ?
In what delight ?

And beyond the water and the pines
Is the tall bridge of sky,
Whose blue alluring track—
So vain is the movement of destiny—
Couples my heart to yours.

(T. Bosanquet)

Epitaph

(For the majority of the members of H.M. Civil Service.)

HERE, at the quiet end of journeying,
These tired travellers lie all at rest,
Whose anxious feet fled, ever hurrying,
Hot on their doomed, familiar quest
For chartered kingdoms, furnished and secure,
Where they might reign at ease,
While each man strove to make his title sure,
Death touched their toil to peace.

(L. A. G.
Strong)

The Knowledgeable Child

I ALWAYS see, I don't know why,
If any person's going to die :

That's why nobody talks to me.
There was a man who came to tea

And when I saw that he would die
I went to him and said, " Good-bye,

I shall not see you any more."
He died that evening. Then, next door,

They had a little girl : she died
Nearly as quick, and Mummy cried

And cried, and ever since that day
She's made me promise not to say.

But folks are still afraid of me,
And, where they've children, nobody

Will let me next nor nigh to them
For fear I'll say good-bye to them.

(Charlotte Mew)

The Trees are Down

*—and he cried with a loud voice :
Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees—
(Revelation.)*

THEY are cutting down the great plane-trees at the end of the gardens.

For days there has been the grate of the saw, the swish of the branches as they fall,

The crash of trunks, the rustle of trodden leaves,
With the " Whoops " and the " Whoas," the loud common talk, the loud common laughs of the men, above it all.

I remember one evening of a long past Spring
Turning in at a gate, getting out of a cart, and finding a large dead rat in the mud of the drive.

I remember thinking : alive or dead, a rat was a god-forsaken thing,
But at least, in May, that even a rat should be alive.

The week's work here is as good as done. There is just one bough
On the roped bole, in the fine grey rain,

Green and high
And lonely against the sky.

(Down now !—)

And but for that,
If an old dead rat

Did once, for a moment, unmake the Spring, I might never have thought of him again.

It is not for a moment the Spring is unmade to-day ;
These were great trees, it was in them from root to stem :
When the men with the " Whoops " and the " Whoas " have carted
the whole of the whispering loveliness away
Half the Spring, for me, will have gone with them.

It is going now, and my heart has been struck with the hearts of the
planes ;

Half my life it has beat with these, in the sun, in the rains,

In the March wind, the May breeze,

In the great gales that came over to them across the roofs from the
great seas.

There was only a quiet rain when they were dying ;

They must have heard the sparrows flying,

And the small creeping creatures in the earth where they were
lying—

But I, all day, I heard an angel crying :

“ Hurt not the trees.”

(Joan Arden)

September Morning

A WAY beyond the wall
And beyond the quiet smoke of the village
Through the dimness of mist the green hill looms,
The soft sea-wind blowing its rain-soaked woods.

In this garden under the autumn sun
The freshness of mint is near
And the sweet sharp smell of carrots,
As they lie dug-up and drying on the brown earth.

Here I love to be
And think what I will do,
When the fruitful earth is quietly waiting
Through the long winter.

(Herbert Read)

A Maiden's Comedy

I

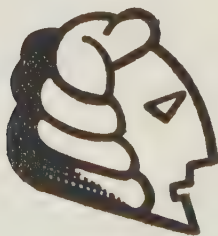
DON Roderigo took her fancy
As he flaunted his cloak on the highway :
She gave him a curtsey, not knowing why,
And he answered her with a " Good-day."

II

Don Roderigo halted then his wandering
And sang in the petalled orchard his intent :
" If the night's pellucid we will walk
Till the stars relent."

III

Don Roderigo hid the stars
With his cloak like ravens' wings :
He walked with a maid's virginity,
And regaled her with all manner of things.



Literature in 1922

(*A Survey and Book List* by RECORDER.)

POETRY

THE year 1922 has not been particularly noteworthy in poetry except for the publication of Mr. Hardy's *Late Lyrics and Earlier*. A new book by Mr. Hardy is an event in itself and holds itself apart from the consideration that may be given to commoner clay. Mr. A. E. Housman has also broken the silence of a quarter of a century with *Last Poems*. As both these poets have won their laurels it is not proposed to consider them closely in the following short summary of verse in 1922.

It has been the object of the compiler of this survey to examine the works considered by the standard of a certain common denomination. He has thought to himself that humanity *en masse* is intrinsically the same, but, though the individual has brain, body, eyes, nose, mouth and ears that give him the outward appearance of his fellows, the guiding spirit of temperament differs in every case. He has taken it that each individual is, as it were, a separate statement of the idea, Man. In the same way every work of literature is in some fashion a re-statement of eternal thought and observation as represented in an individual. Each age uses contemporary speech and presents the image in the rhythm common to the understanding and mentality of that age ; each age is the outcome of the experience and restraints of the preceding one. We in the twentieth century are on the tree-tops of the poetic growths represented by the Pre-Raphaelites and the 'Nineties. In the distance we see the promised land, but between ourselves and it stretches the plain of this machine-made, war-encumbered world. The poets of our day look backward to the great silences and sweet security of the past or turn in horror from the prospect of war and famine, according to their temperament and capacity for intellectual honesty.

Two books that have been published this year typify each, respectively, the states of mind contrasted above: *The Shepherd* by Edmund Blunden, and *The Hundred and One Harlequins* by Sacheverell Sitwell. The first has been much praised, and awarded the

Hawthornden Prize for the best book of the year, prose or verse ; the second has been almost ignored by those most concerned in the direction of public taste. This is because literature is judged not by its measure of creative imagination but by the depth of its conformity to type.

Mr. Blunden uses the common imagery of English poetry. How often have we not heard of winds sobbing, or of rain "gleaming silver on the verge" . . . Gray, Collins, Clare, Blomfield and Wordsworth. . . . How many ghosts rise at the bidding of his words !

Mr. Sitwell, on the other hand, has transformed and subordinated the same natural imagery to the scintillating purposes of his own visionary mind. Like Mr. Blunden he is unable to face our present-day world, but, instead of creeping back over the tree-tops and seeking consolation in the bosom of his ancestors, he takes refuge in the sparkling region of his own imagination. We feel confident that the seed of the poetry of the future lies in Mr. Sitwell's rather than in Mr. Blunden's verse.

Out of the hundreds of books examined, those considered worthy of mention in this survey will now be noted in formal order. The notes recorded are intended to direct the general reader. *Recorder's* opinion should be taken at its worth and not as a *dictum*. It is never to be supposed that one mind can dictate to other minds, in literature. Nevertheless, the critical consideration applied by *Recorder* may help those wandering in uncertain fields to discriminate among their pastures, or may even assist them to unburden their minds of unsatisfactory doubts.

LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER. By THOMAS HARDY. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) In these brief notes mainly on minor verse it is not necessary to discuss Mr. Hardy. His voice is the voice of the giant among us, and there is nothing but to stand apart and applaud.

LAST POEMS. By A. E. HOUSMAN. (Grant Richards, 5s.) A quarter of a century ago Mr. Housman published *A Shropshire Lad*, which instantly won a place in English literature. To-day he publishes *Last Poems*, which turns out to be only poems additional to his first book. We have the same subject matter, the same harping on death. Someone is still waiting to be hanged ; the same young

man deplores his friend's death in the war ; the bridegroom is still seeking his bride. With a *Shropshire Lad* Mr. Housman founded a school of English poetry that has made an epoch. It seemed that a new book from him, after twenty-five years' silence, might give us the accumulated emotions and experiences of that period, but alas, he now appears as a pupil in his own school. However, we are truly grateful for that one poem the " Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries." It is worth all the other poems in the book.

A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY. (Methuen, 6s.) This is an excellent selection from Mr. Kipling's poems and will be much appreciated by his devotees. A Selected Kipling is long overdue. How it would have sold during the war, when his books filled so large a place in the " poetry for soldiers " shelves !

THE BALLAD OF SAINT BARBARA. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Cecil Palmer, 7s. 6d.) " We thank thee thou hast made us what we are," writes Mr. Chesterton. What a pity he feels like that, for this unnatural satisfaction with his state of being runs into his ink. The genuine Chesterton is disguised by a series of costumes. God and Beer are surely best for all sound and respectable men ! He has no curiosity. The really good poems in this book seem to be written by a kind of bogus Chesterton in which, however, it is far more easy to believe than in the real one.

POEMS : SECOND SERIES. By J. C. SQUIRE. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) It is hardly fair of Mr. Squire to bewilder his numerous admirers by the publication of so many volumes from so many a source. In the rush, they fail to receive the attention they merit. We do not care for this second collection as much as for the first. The poems seem more laboured ; in some respects, less sincere.

THE HOUR OF MAGIC. By W. H. DAVIES. (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.) There is no need to say anything of Mr. Davies' work, except that this book is remarkable for the qualities that have already won him so much appreciation. It is decorated by William Nicholson.

THE RED PATH AND THE WOUNDED BIRD. By JOHN FREEMAN. (Selwyn and Blount, 21s.) Those who are familiar with Mr. Freeman's verse will find these poems worthy of their

predecessors. From them they differ in no style, nor from the bulk of the poetry produced in the past two centuries, except for various slight readjustments to meet the word fashions of the moment.

PRELUDES. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.) This volume consists of three narrative poems and three others, not counting "Prelude" and "Interlude." There is nothing in it that will add to the author's reputation.

REAL PROPERTY. By HAROLD MONRO. (The Poetry Bookshop, 2s. 6d.) As Mr. Monro is the Editor of the *Chapbook*, it is not possible for his work to be discussed in the body of the periodical.

THE SHEPHERD, AND OTHER POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Cobden-Sanderson, 6s.) Mr. Blunden has no curiosity. His book is well-constructed, laboured and full of fine poetic feeling, but as we never for a moment suspect the divine fire we are left cold. We can neither like it nor dislike it. We have studied page after page in the vain hope of finding an individual expression; or some voice in reply to which could be exclaimed: "Here is Blunden!" But alas, we came on "You looked before and after"; and the frail wraiths of Masfield and Housman haunted us through "The Giant Puff Ball" and "Reunion in War," and other poems. Mr. Blunden's first published book revealed him the poet—*The Shepherd* reveals him the poetic-labourer.

THE HUNDRED AND ONE HARLEQUINS. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. (Grant Richards, 6s.) This book has been read with more enjoyment than any other of the year, not because, in itself, it achieves a definite aim but because of its promise. Mr. Sitwell is still suffering from the fever that burns the other members of his family, but he is on the way to convalescence. His earlier book was remarkable for its depth of imaginative insight, but this one goes beyond it and places him far above his youthful contemporaries. The "Three Variations on a Theme by George Peele" are in the absolute spirit of English poetry, yet without any strong savour of the past. In addition they have haunting new images, and beauty of rhythm. The same is true of "Two Variations on Themes out of *Zarathustra*" and "A March Past at the Pyramids," both

packed with most exquisite satire and a wealth of imagery so large that two or three readings are quite insufficient to assimilate them. Such freshness of outlook and merry understanding of our simian world is almost unbelievable. One is sorry that, now and then, the piano, the parrot, and the Sunday-afternoon-in-Hell atmosphere, to which we have become too accustomed through the Sitwell pens, still often prevail. There is any amount of promise here, and, although Mr. Sitwell makes of the present as much a mongrel as Mr. Blunden of the past, we are confident that in his mind and method is the connecting link between Victorianism, Georgianism and the future. In the ninety-six pages of this book there is no eroticism, no fear of death, no beloved, and no tombstone. Yet it is a very serious book. We wonder : who are the " Bird Actors " ?

THE TORCH BEARERS. By ALFRED NOYES. (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.) This, Mr. Noyes tells us, is the first volume of a trilogy dealing with scientific discovery from Copernicus to, we suppose, modern times. The subject is, as he suggests, most inspiring ; the most ignorant among us is thrilled when the mind rests for a moment on the story of the heavens, and we can imagine that Mr. Noyes' experience in the Sierra Madre Mountains fired him to feel divinely inspired (see Prologue) to write that story. We are sorry to relate that the desire survived the inspiration. Never for a moment in the 281 pages does the blank verse rise above the tiresome level of mediocrity. With each new section we meet the author again plodding through text-books, and turning his painfully acquired knowledge to uninspired verse. Will he have the endurance to write, and the courage to publish, the remaining volumes ?

POEMS. By MURIEL STUART. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.) Miss Stuart's poems are not grown in the soil of inspiration. Time upon time she so nearly expresses her own mind, but is dragged back into the morass of poetic language. We cannot help feeling that if she would only get free and trust herself to write as her mind dictates she might produce original poetry. As it is, we are continually confounded by the echoes that muffle the voice of *Muriel Stuart*.

POEMS. By ISAAC ROSENBERG. (Heinemann, 6s.) Isaac Rosenberg was unfortunately killed in the Big War, and we cannot

therefore gauge his probable achievement. Here is beauty, and also obscurity. His book is one of the stones in the war-made monument to Unfulfilment through early death.

GIPSY-NIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By RICHARD HUGHES. (The Golden Cockerel Press, 4s. 6d.) We single out this particular book for notice, not because we think it remarkable, but because it is a stock example of the kind of verse produced to-day by the young man of education. We find in it no "re-statement," no breadth of image and no distinctive style. Mr. Hughes owns Mr. de la Mare as his master, as most of his poems show. Others indicate that he is also in debt to Mr. Masfield and Mr. Graves. Whether he will develop his own individuality (which we have felt faintly stirring at times) we cannot say, but we find ourselves wishing he had kept these poems in his desk for another two or three years.

HIPS AND HAWS. By A. E. COPPARD. (The Golden Cockerel Press, 5s.) It is impossible to pass over Mr. Coppard: every page of his book contains the raw material of poetry and yet we are left unmoved, in spite of admiration for clear-cut image and beauty of phrase. Why does his passion not burn? Is it that he is too careful, that he weighs his words so thoughtfully, and in the placing they lose their fire? We look with admiration upon his portraits, praise their execution, yet fail to respond to the mind that inspired them. This is perhaps artifice, not art.

SONGS FOR MUSIC; TUNES OF A PENNY PIPER. By ELEANOR FARJEON. (Selwyn and Blount, each 1s. 6d.) Two little books that we can honestly recommend to those who want poems definitely for children. We can think of no higher praise than this—they *are* poems for children. And being written for children of no particular age, all may enjoy them thoroughly.

DRAMA

NO play of definite distinction has been published this year by a new playwright. Mr. Robert Nichols and Mr. Richard Hughes have both ventured into the field of drama but have not been conspicuously successful. One of the features of the year was the publication of a new Wilde play: "For Love of the King." Again a

publisher has made the mistake of issuing a posthumous work which does not in any way add to the reputation of the author concerned. A different event, of greater moment, was the publication of James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan," which will be discussed briefly below.

LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 10s. 6d.) This volume contains three plays dealing with the life and legends of St. Francis of Assisi. They are admirably suited to the acting of amateurs, being in themselves of such simplicity that they are bound to carry conviction.

FOUR SHORT PLAYS. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Secker, 6s.) Three of these plays have already appeared, one in *Poetry and Drama* and two are from *New Numbers*. "The Deserter" appears here for the first time. All four exhibit those qualities that make Mr. Abercrombie one of our most accomplished dramatic poets.

THE SISTER'S TRAGEDY. By RICHARD HUGHES. (Blackwell, 2s.) This play is admirably suited to the *Grand Guignol*, where it has already been performed. In reading, horror is overlaid by the suspicion that the author felt the subject would make a good play. It has its points, however, and we feel Mr. Hughes may be more playwright than poet.

GUILTY SOULS. By ROBERT NICHOLS. (Chatto and Windus, 7s.) In a long Shavian, pseudo-provocative Preface (to be read after the play) Mr. Nichols raises the banner of Youth Misunderstood and Decried. It is surprising that so up-to-date a young man should not be aware that this is the century, or at least the generation, of the young, and that his own prominent position in the world of letters is due to that fact alone. He has written his play round the well-known story of the defaulting solicitor. This one makes a dupe of his partner, permits him to spend seven years in prison, while he outside is making a fortune. The dupe then returns to his partner's house as butler, and commits suicide. The guilty man hands himself over to the police. The action is impeded by verbosity; the characters are wooden, and the introduction of a Christ and a Crucifix strikes a note at once insincere and unnecessary. Mr. Nichols intends to write more plays (see Preface), whether old men

like this one or not. Apparently he has not considered the opinion of the young.

HASSAN. By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. (Heinemann, 6s.) Flecker is at his best in this play. Richness of Eastern atmosphere suits his temperament. Not once during the action does the interest flag. The torture scene is probably one of the finest scenes in modern drama. The whole play is remarkable for the fitness of imagery and chiselled language that have given his poems a permanent place in English poetry. The publication of "Hassan" consolidates his position.

MELLONEY HOLTSPUR. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann, 6s.) Mr. Masefield need not be discussed in this summary; but we must not fail to observe that his dramatic technique and power in characterisation remain as strong as ever.

KRINDLESYKE. By WILFRID GIBSON. (Macmillan, 6s.) Krindlesyke is the name given to a shepherd's cottage on the fells of Northumberland, and the drama deals with the old shepherd, Ezra Barrasford, and his wife Eliza, and two of their sons, and their children, all of whom pass some years there during the action.

NARRATIVE PROSE

THE number of narratives in the form of the novel exceeds by many thousands the numerical mass of poetry, the drama, essays and belles-lettres put together. Most are poor in quality and not intended to do more than drug the mind of the reader for the two, three, or four hours in which they are to be absorbed. Escape from environment must somehow be effected, and the novel, or short story, proves the cheapest and most comfortable means. The world of the cinema, high-life, or low-class crime, according to taste, is available at the fireside provided that a ticket be taken at the Free Library, or Mudie's, according to pocket.

Considering this year's output, it has been *Recorder's* object to place each book according to its quality and in relation to its environment. There has been no volume published during 1922 that has seemed of lasting value except Mr. Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, which is a reprint in one volume of three books that have appeared during a number of years. It was a good thought to publish them

together. They form a most valuable record of (1) the passing of the Mid-Victorian age, (2) the "Nineties," and (3) the Pre-war world. In this field Mr. Galsworthy has no rival except perhaps William de Morgan, who also portrayed the manners and customs of the "Sixties." He, however, painted them without comment. Mr. Galsworthy presents the outlook and point of view of his characters in such a manner that we are conscious of his critical interest in their development. He has sketched James Forsyte, his son, Soames, and the other members of the large Forsyte family, so as to give us a bird's-eye view of the consciousness and customs of three generations. The *Forsyte Saga* will surely be the classic record of the life and social customs of the past eighty years.

Out of the excessive number of novels published this year, upon some it has seemed important to remark because the book is bad where the reputation of the author might have led one to believe it good. A general list is appended for the use of the serious reader. As in the sections preceding, particular attention is not given to the work of authors of established reputation. Space forbids a lengthy note on any book whatsoever.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIET FREAN. (Collins, 7s. 6d.) ANN SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) Miss Sinclair is a noteworthy writer, but these are not particularly noteworthy books.

THE ALTAR STEPS. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Cassels, 7s. 6d.) A new development for Mr. Mackenzie. He has never tackled religion before.

THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART. By H. G. WELLS. (Cassels, 7s. 6d.) A convenient peg on which Mr. Wells hangs his extremely interesting views on psycho-analysis.

THE THINGS WE ARE. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable, 7s. 6d.) In this, his second venture, Mr. Murry exhibits none of the faults of his earlier novel. He presents to us a crystal in which we may see ourselves, or not, according to temperament. He is in debt to the Russians, and Katherine Mansfield.

THIS FREEDOM. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) The freedom with which Mr. Hutchinson treats

the English language leaves the reader gasping. His interpretation of life savours of a glorified Servants' Hall. He piles horror upon horror, corpse on corpse, to secure his reader's sympathies. A most pernicious and reactionary book.

THE RETURN. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Collins, 7s. 6d.) An overdue reprint of Mr. de la Mare's first novel published some time ago.

THE JUDGE. By REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) Miss West would have rended *The Judge* if she could have come on it among the books she reviews. In spite of her skilful characterisation, her puppets never draw an honest tear from us. They are too utterly wooden ; and we look coldly on the gentleman using the bread-knife with such effect in the last few pages ; and sigh heavily when the same takes his lady-love into a quiet field to engender a child before the police come to apprehend him for the bread-knife tragedy. Miss West has wasted her surprising talent on a poor subject.

PERADVENTURE : OR THE SILENCE OF GOD. By ROBERT KEABLE. (Constable, 7s. 6d.) The *Robert Elsmere* of the 20th century. Not likely to excite the *furor* created by its predecessor, the world of to-day being too accustomed to scepticism.

THE CATHEDRAL. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) This book is supposed to deal with a quiet cathedral town peopled by the creatures of Mr. Walpole's experience. They act, breathe, and conduct their lives in the manner approved by his convention. *Barchester Towers* still reigns supreme.

THE POOR MAN. By STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan, 6s.) There is at work here a delirious imagination. The general effect is as of a psychological kaleidoscope. There is no help for the " Poor Man " ; and no way out of his troubles. The book is startling, and, when this imagination becomes disciplined, a great work of art may be produced. It is not what is known as a " novel."

AARON'S ROD. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Secker, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Lawrence's stories have been chiefly erotic. In this case the interest is perhaps platonic, for it concerns two men ; not as usual a man and a woman. Mr. Lawrence is always worth reading : this book is not an exception.

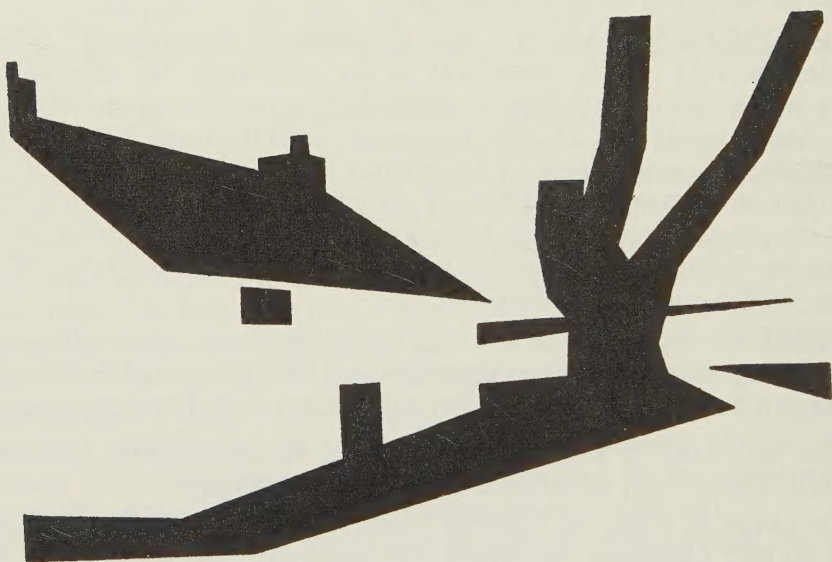
JACOB'S ROOM. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. (The Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.) A curious contrast to the last. There is no riotous beating of wings. This, too, is not a novel in the accepted sense of the word, but a series of psychological sketches.

THE GARDEN PARTY. By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. (Constable, 7s. 6d.) Miss Mansfield is far and away the best short-story writer of our day. She is particularly a product of the time, in that her interest lies chiefly in sexual complications between individuals. The seamy side of life pleases her most, and her instincts lead her to portray the flyblown rather than the well-laundered. Her structure is sound, her technique excellent, her delineation of character strong, her language vivid, her reserve exemplary. What more, in this age, can be noted ?

ULYSSES. By JAMES JOYCE. (The Egoist Press, 42s.) *Recorder* is suffering from mental indigestion and has been unable to sit at so large a banquet as *Ulysses*. He will record it in January, 1924.

The following is a list of books about which nothing has been written, but which, nevertheless, are worth reading :—

An Order to View, by Charles Marriott ; *Captivity*, by M. Leonora Eyles ; *Casement*, by Frank Swinnerton ; *David Rossenal*, by Ernest Raymond ; *December Love*, by Robert Hichens ; *Far Off Things*, by Arthur Machen ; *Futility*, by William Gerhardt ; *Kanga Creek*, by Havelock Ellis ; *Mary Lee*, by Geoffrey Dennis ; *Mortal Coils*, by Aldous Huxley ; *Mystery at Geneva*, by Rose Macaulay ; *Overlooked*, by Maurice Baring ; *Pender Among the Residents*, by Forrest Reid ; *The Enchanted April*, by the Author of " Elizabeth " ; *The Highbrows*, by C. E. M. Joad ; *The History of Alfred Rudd*, by E. V. Odle ; *The Mercy of Allah*, by Hilaire Belloc ; *Theodore Savage*, by Cicely Hamilton ; *The Optimist*, by E. M. Delafield ; *The Prisoners of Hartling*, by J. D. Beresford ; *The Puppet Show*, by Martin Armstrong ; *The Room*, by G. B. Stern ; *The Stiff Lip*, by W. L. George ; *The Tree of the Garden*, by E. Booth ; *The Voice in the Wilderness*, by Richard Blaher ; *The Wedgwood Medallion*, by E. B. C. Jones ; *What Became of Mr. Desmond*, by C. Nina Boyle.



Woodcut

Philip Haggren

1921.

- (19) JANUARY.—*Eleven New Poems by Contemporary Poets*, together with *Certain Prose Epigrams*, and a *Note* by Robert Bridges.
- (20) FEBRUARY.—*Puppets and Poets*. By E. Gordon Craig, with several Decorations and five full-page designs.
- (21) MARCH.—*A House (Modern Morality Play)*. By Ford Madox Hueffer. With several Decorations.
- (22) APRIL.—*Prose in Poetry (Three Essays)*. By T. S. Eliot, Frederic Manning and Richard Aldington.
- (23) MAY.—*Nineteen Poems by Contemporary Poets*, also *Pathology des Dommagistes*.
- (24) JUNE.—*A List of 101 Commendable Plays*, ancient and modern, with notes, for the use of Dramatic Societies, etc.

1922.

- (25) FEBRUARY.—*Twelve New Poems by Contemporary Poets*.
- (26) MAY.—*Seventeen New Poems by Contemporary Poets*.
- (27) JULY.—*Three Questions and Twenty-Seven Answers regarding the Necessity, the Function, and the Form of Poetry*.
- (28) AUGUST.—*New Poems by Contemporary Poets*.
- (29) SEPTEMBER.—*An Essay by Richard Aldington and a Satire by Osbert Sitwell*.
- (30) OCTOBER.—*Twenty New Poems by Contemporary Poets*.
- (31) NOVEMBER.—*Prose and Verse Miscellany*.
- (32) DECEMBER.—*One Day Awake (A Morality)*. By Harold Monro.

THE Covers of Various Numbers are wholly or partly decorated by the following Artists :—C. Lovat Fraser (Nos. 1, 3, 7, 10, 22, 15, 19, 23, 25, 30); Albert Rutherton (Nos. 2, 14, 24, 26, 28, 31, 32); Charles Winzer (Nos. 9, 11); A. P. Allinson (No. 6); Jean de Bosschère (No. 4); James Guthrie (No. 12); G. Spencer Watson (No. 18); E. Gordon Craig (No. 20); T. C. Prentis (No. 29); and *Certain Decorations and Ornaments on the Backs of Covers, or in the Body of the Text, are by the following* : Paul Nash (No. 3); John Nash (No. 3); Rupert Lee (No. 3); Jan Poortenaar (Nos. 13, 18); Camilla Doyle (No. 29). T. C. Prentis (No. 31).

Copies of all Back Numbers can still be supplied. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were published at 1s. net; Nos. 4 to 24 at 1s. 6d. net; from Nos. 25 onwards at 1s. net. (Postage in all cases at the rate of 1d. per copy.)



THE WESTMINSTER PRESS, W.O